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POWESHIEK

A REMINISCENCE.

EDITED BY

C. E. HEWES.

THE POWESHIEK COMPANY,
CLINTON, IOWA.

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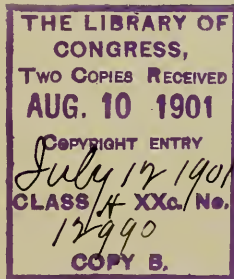
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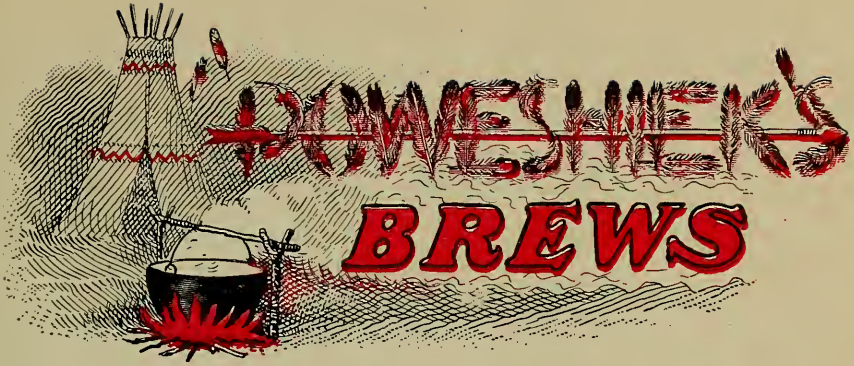
THE POWESHIEK BREWS.

"Forthwith then issued Hiawatha,
Wandered eastward, wandered westward,
Teaching men the use of simples,
And the Antidote for poisons,
And the Cure of all diseases.
Thus was first made known to Mortals
All the mystery of Medamin,
All the sacred art of healing."

—Song of Hiawatha.—Longfellow.



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"1797."

In the year of 1797 when George Washington retired as the first President of the United States of America, and our young Republic was still throbbing from the import of his farewell message; when young Bonaparte was winning battles and kingdoms for the Directory, humbling the power of Austria in the East and crumbling to dust the once proud Republic of Venice; when Commodore Nelson, beloved of all Britons, was hammering away in a sturdy fashion at certain wooden walls manned by Dutch and Spanish sailors, and preparing for that career of martial glory, which later dazzled the eyes of all Europe, there was born far removed from the scenes and wars of the White Man, in "The Land of the Beautiful," our own dear Iowa, a tiny pappoose, who was destined to become one of the greatest and most beloved chiefs in the history of the Sac and Fox Nation.

SAC AND FOX NATION.

The Sac and Fox nation in 1797 were the masters of the Mississippi from the mouth of the Des Moines River to the mouth of the Wisconsin, and in connection with their control of the great Father of Waters they asserted and defended their title to all the lands and streams adjacent and tributary thereto. Their choicest hunting grounds were near the head waters of the Cedar, the Des Moines, the Iowa and the Wapsipinicon. A little beyond those distant localities marked the beginning of the lands of their most dreaded enemy, the Sioux. Toward the mouth of the above streams the Sacs and Foxes established their villages, being near the center of their

lands and easily accessible to the Mississippi, the great parent stream whose broad waters furnished an open and direct channel for the concentration of their forces in case of an invasion of their enemies.

THE GREAT PAPA RIVER.

The Mississippi in those days was, as now, a great thoroughfare and water highway. Innumerable families of the Red Men, bands of fur hunters, and companies of intrepid explorers traversed its surface. Upon its great bosom sped the swift canoes of Indian messengers flitting between the different tribes, wedding parties of dusky villagers, war parties northward bound, causing the great stone bluffs to echo with gaiety, sorrow, and all the sounds of Indian life as they to-day echo the teeming life of the White Man.

"THIS IS THE PLACE," IOWA.

In the day of the Red Man there was perhaps no fairer spot in all the world than Iowa. Even now, as we behold her bound with thousands of miles of steel, scarred by commerce with powder and blast, butchered by plow and axe, who can doubt of that legend of the Red Man who crossed the great waters and parting the bushes upon the top of some gigantic bluff, peering into the limitless expanse of forest green and flowing meadow, exclaiming in that gem of Indian poetry, "Iowa!" "this is the place!" "the land of the beautiful." Prairies teeming with rich grass and herds of the buffalo, forests alive with feathered and furry game, rivers throbbing in their wealth of finny tribes, lakes stirring with the rush and whirr of countless wild fowl, revealed to the eye of the Red Man a perfect fulfillment of the Great Spirit's gift to his chosen people.

A LITTLE PAPPOOSE.

Our little pappoose was welcomed to the wigwam of his dusky parents with all the manifestations of joy and pleasure that the arrival of a babe could arouse in any home, however great or small. His babyhood was spent in the closest companionship with his father and mother who roved with the tribe as it moved from camp to camp, seeking those lovely retreats and camping grounds, which to-day mark the site of many of Iowa's fairest cities. In the

atmosphere of the unbroken prairie, the patriarchal groves, the untarnished springs, defying bluffs of many colored rocks, the free undammed streams and boundless hunting grounds, our little pappoose grew to manhood. His father pointed out the water fowl and named them as they flew in alarm at the approach of the swift canoe. He was shown the furry inhabitants of the woods; upon the prairies he became acquainted with the swift creatures of the grass and meadow; and through many a fair day under the blue smiling skies of Iowa, he laughed and cooed by the side of his dusky mother, learning and reciting the poetic Indian nomenclature of the virgin land of Iowa.

EMBERS AND STARS.

By the embers of the evening fire the dusky mother told him the folklore of her people, the countless legends unwritten in the books of the world, but preserved within the pure minds and hearts of Indian women for the teaching of their babes. She told him of the great father at Washington, and the white people who lived across the great waters; of the great chief, Tecumseh, and also recited all her information of the white men who were daily swarming nearer the domains of her people. Then as his ideas were forming of the material things of earth and life, she spoke gently to him of the Great Spirit who lived in the happy hunting grounds and received the spirits of her people, welcoming them into an immortal life of joy and purity. The twinkling stars were pointed out as immortal eyes, watching and guarding the camp fires of her people; the tiny crescent of the new moon had its significance to the distant Indian hunter; and the great full moon of the harvest swept regal from the east in its power o'er the ripening corn and the wild grape. The sun, the lightning and thunder, rain and snow, frost and ice, fire and smoke, and all the elements of nature were described to him as direct manifestations of the Great Spirit. The American Indian has been, and is to this day, a true child of nature. The mercenary instinct which taints our modern civilization was unknown to these children of the wilderness. They enjoyed the boundless extent of the new world in its primeval glory, and worshipped as pure idealists the wondrous works of God. An Indian

feels to this day like a fettered prisoner in the possession of a broad full section of land where a white man thinks himself free with a mere acre. In the adoration of the Great Spirit by these simple children of nature, they needed a continent in which to worship His glories where the white man is content to raise a cross by the roadside and there establish a shrine. The glorious faith of the white man rises and soars to his Redeemer over all his environments however sordid and vile, while the Indian's more simple faith demands the near and pristine works of nature to reveal by the varied sounds of grove and stream, of wind and waves, the voice of a near and living God. The Red Man demands the great and full course of soulful nature to bring him mute and humble to his Master's feet, but the White Man's faith, fixed by immortal martyrs and books of holy writ, carries him undaunted through the short allotment of life, and he goes singing and serene into the impenetrable domain of spirit illumined by the faith of his fathers.

INDIAN CRAFT.

Our little pappoose, now a lad of muscle and vigor, was taken more largely into the care of his father. He was taught to hunt, to fish, to command the canoe, to swim, and all the numberless arts of a brave's life. Scenting, tracking, bird and animal calls, preservation of meat, and all that wonderful wood and prairie craft, which has been the wonder and delight of the white man, who has himself been forced to acquire its mysteries to overcome the perils of the far west in our great pioneer movement from ocean to ocean. Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, Louis and Clark, Lieut. Pike, Gen. Fremont, and the unfortunate Custer have all acknowledged, in their day, the craft of the American Indian. It is to the craft and subtlety of the American savage, who has defended for centuries his possessions in the new world, that the Yankee soldier has obtained his well merited superiority among the powers of the world from Lexington to the walls of Peking. The American Indian has trained him, has forced him to learn their methods, and then upon even terms in craft the American soldier has snuffed out the Indian's power with civilization's many weapons, whisky, avarice and invention.

**POWESHIEK,
THE BRAVE.**

At the age of twenty years our Indian lad was far advanced in every art that makes an Indian youth eligible to the title of a brave, except that of the actual experience of battle. At the time of life when most young bucks were striving for fame and dexterity in the use of horses and weapons, our youth gave evidence of a very strong taste for knowledge in medicine and healing. In fact he spent so much time among the old squaws and women of the camp and in the company of the tribe's medicine man, who at that time was very old, that he became the subject of much derision and laughter among the young braves of the tribe, who taunted him by calling him a "squaw man," and other epithets which were not at all complimentary. However, he was patient, and persistently versed himself in medicine, and in a comparatively short time had acquired a positive fame as a healer and Indian physician and the medicine man of the tribe formally announced to the braves assembled in council that our youth was to succeed as the medicine man of the tribe. An incident happened soon after this occasion which demonstrated to the entire tribe the merit of our youth, and from which incident he received the name, Powesheik. On a certain occasion while the main body of the braves with their chief were far distant upon a hunting expedition, a party of Sioux surprised the village of the Fox, and had it not been for the bravery and intrepid daring of Powesheik, who rallied the remaining forces of his people, the women and children of the village would have been massacred. From this event he received his permanent name, Powesheik, meaning the "roused bear," and was accepted into the tribe as a brave.

**POWESHIEK,
THE MEDICINE
MAN.**

Poweshiek's ability as a warrior of courage and generalship having been fully established by this incident, he was permitted to gratify his taste in medicine and healing with the entire good will of his tribe. Poweshiek's knowledge of the quality and uses of native barks, herbs and roots, and the combining and compounding thereof was reputed to be something marvel-

lous. He possessed to a wonderful degree that faculty of intuition which marks the master physician; a gift that, even in the revealing light of modern science and psychic research, is placed in that mystic province of high nature which fairly transcends human reason. He rapidly acquired the entire knowledge of the old medicine man, who imparted to him the sacred teachings of his school; knowledge passed on into life by these princes of Indian medicine, guarded as a precious treasure in their life time and imparted only to that successor, who by his talents could justly claim to be trusted with the secrets of their craft. Death all too soon separated these two companions of healing, and Poweshiek found himself alone, the physician of his tribe, established by the long practiced rights of his people.

“Then the medicine men, the Medas,
The magicians, the Wabeonas,
And the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
Came to visit Hiawatha;
Built a sacred lodge beside him,
To appease him, to console him,
Walked in silent, grave procession,
Bearing each a pouch of healing,
Skin of beaver, lynx, or otter,
Filled with magic roots and simples,
Filled with very potent medicine’s”

—Song of Hiawatha, Longfellow.

**POWESHIEK,
CHIEF OF THE
FOX.**

During the Blackhawk war the chief of the Fox died and Poweshiek was named and elected chief of the tribe by acclamation of all the braves assembled in council. Poweshiek upon his accession must have been endowed with all the physical and mental qualities which, combined, make a great leader. His rank was superior to that of Appanoose and Wappello, who were famous chiefs of the Sac and Fox. He is thus spoken of in Fulton’s “Redmen of Iowa:” “Truthfulness and a sense of justice

seemed to be leading qualities of his mind. His word was sacred and a favor he always remembered with gratitude. He was slow to arouse to active work, but when fully aroused was a man of energy and power." As illustrating the manner in which Poweshiek governed his tribe and administered justice, Colonel Trowbridge relates the following incident: "One summer a horse had strayed or been stolen from a remote neighborhood. The owner pursued the trail to a point near the Fox village, but could then get no further clue. He suspected, however, that his property was in the possession of the Indians. He called upon Poweshiek early one morning and stated his case. The chief, through his interpreter, promised to investigate the matter. He immediately issued an order that no person should leave the village until further ordered. No one left, or dared go. The owner of the horse described the animal, and was then sent through the camp with an escort, in search of it. The missing property was soon found and pointed out. The avowed Indian owner could give no satisfactory explanation of his ownership. The white man was directed by Poweshiek to take his horse, and the Indian to pay him for his trouble and expense, the amount being assessed upon the culprit's share of the next annuity from the government. In this way was the thief punished for his dishonesty. Had the encampment or village been walled in, or sentinels posted, it would not have been more secure in retaining every Indian at home until the search was completed, than it was made by the imperious command of Poweshiek to his people." Poweshiek is thus mentioned by Col. J. H. Sullivan, who was an eye witness to the signing of the treaty of 1836, between the Sac and Fox nation and the U. S. Commissioners, Gov. Dodge, Capt. Boone, and Lieut. Lea, in which the Sac and Fox nation ceded to the U. S. government 265,000 acres of land at 75 cents an acre. His description of their camp is especially interesting. "The two bands of Fox under Poweshiek and Wapello were encamped on the Wisconsin side of the Mississippi, opposite and about half way up Rock Island." Iowa was then a part of the territory of Wisconsin, and this meeting was held near the site of the present city of Davenport. "The encampment was on the slope of the bluff, and at a little

distance looked quite picturesque, as the Indians flitted about the bulrush and bark tents, arrayed in their showy green or red blankets, looking for all the world, when you gave a glance at their horses browsing on the bluff tops, like a picture of an Arab encampment, glowing with the bright and gorgeous colors of the Orient." Also he thus speaks of the Council: "The mass of the warriors and braves were standing; the chiefs and head men sitting in front of the standing phalanxes, all listening with dignified attention to the proposition of the Governor, and as each sentence was interpreted to them, signified their approbation by the interjectional 'Heigh.' Who is that sitting in front upon the ground, with an air of a good deal of nonchalance, but who is not forgetful of propriety and of the proper mode of commanding respect, amid all this apparent indifference? That is Poweshiek, the Chief of the most numerous band of all." Poweshiek participated in the several treaties made by the Sac and Fox nation with the United States in the years of 1832, 1836, 1837 and 1842. Josiah Smart, interpreter for the Government, located at the Sac and Fox agency thus relates an incident which indicates the fine and generous character of Poweshiek. It seems that at the annual distribution of government money due the Sac and Fox at their agency the Sac chief, Keokuk, had decided to give a portion of the annuity to Josiah Smart's half breed children, whose mother was a full blooded Sac woman, upon hearing of which Poweshiek, who was present, arose and said: "The Fox Indian is as generous as the Sac, and although Smart has taken his squaw from the Sac, still his half-breed children's Indian blood calls for a box of silver of the Fox as well as that of the Sac, and they should have it. Keokuk endeavored to dissuade Poweshiek from his purpose, but the people of the latter consenting, he gained his point, and Smart received the silver."

"In 1846 Poweshiek with the remnant of his tribe, was forced to leave Iowa for a new reservation in Kansas, but it is stated upon good authority that he subsequently returned in a quiet and secret manner with only a few lodges of his people, and visited for a short time many of the old haunts and camps of his youth. He finally drifted into Northern Missouri and there contracted a fever, which with

advancing years and the keen anguish of homesickness, caused his death, and his noble soul entered into that happy domain of the Great Spirit Manitou, where it is hoped that the avarice and cupidity of the White Men will never disturb him again. History records no nobler life among the Red Men than that of Poweshiek. He was pre-eminently a man of peace, absolutely free from that bestial vice of drink which has stained the character of many otherwise noble chiefs. He stood for all that is noble in the barbarian, and we can but echo the noble sentiment expressed by Guizot in his matchless essay, "History of Civilization in Europe," in which he says: "There is something in the life of the American savages, in the relations and the sentiments they bear with them in middle of the woods that recalls the manners of the ancient Germans. When we look to the bottom of the question, notwithstanding this alloy of brutality, the love of independence is a noble and moral sentiment which draws its power from the moral nature of man; it is the pleasure of feeling one's self a man, the sentiment of personality, of human spontaneity, it is free development. When you find liberty in ancient civilization it is political liberty, the liberty of a citizen. But the sentiment of personal independence, a love of liberty displaying itself at all risks, without any other motive than that of satisfying itself; the sentiment, I repeat, was unknown to the Roman and to the Christian society. It was by the Barbarian that it was brought in and deposited in the cradle of modern civilization, wherein it has played so conspicuous a part, has produced such worthy results, that it is impossible to help reckoning it, as one of its fundamental elements." And so it is with these barbarians of the new world, the liberty loving American Indians. It sets us to reckoning as to how much less we would have been as an American commonwealth if the American Indian had not aroused our mightiest energies to overcome him, and drive him from his possessions. Poweshiek, the barbarian, though passionately devoted to his people, yielded at last to the great Father at Washington and accepted the inevitable with dignity and grace. The sad spectacle that is presented to the eyes of those who have built their homes in the ashes of the Indian's wigwam, is brought to mind in no keener sense

than that of brave old Poweshiek, weakened by age, his former hunting grounds confiscated, his people reduced to a mere remnant moved by threat of force to a strange land, wandering back with his few followers to dear old Iowa, stoical in face, his cheeks unswept by tears, but his great heart bursting in the emotions of departed glories.

“A noble race! but they are gone
With their old forest wide and deep,
And we have built our homes upon
Fields where their generations sleep.
Their fountains slake our thirst at noon,
Upon their fields our harvest waves,
Our lovers woo beneath their moon—
Then let us spare, at least, their graves.”

—The Disinterred Warrior-Bryant.

**ELIZABETH
ASHFORD.**

Poweshiek has left posterity several tokens of his skill and craft in medicine, knowledge of which and the circumstances in connection therewith, are best related in the language of Elizabeth Ashford, now residing at Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. “My earliest recollection of Poweshiek is that of his holding me upon his knee when I was a mere babe. My people at that time lived on the banks of the Cedar river, several miles northwest of the present city of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. He was a great friend of our family, and never failed to visit us when his tribe camped in our vicinity. He was a man of great dignity, and had really a most noble presence. He must have weighed nearly 250 pounds, was of a very broad stature and rather a round face. The only ornament he wore were several strands of the tiniest red beads which were looped around his neck and hung down over his chest. His personal appearance was immaculately neat, his hands were as shapely as a woman’s, and I never saw upon his person the slightest trace of dirt or disorder. He was truly an Indian Prince. As I grew older I watched regularly for the coming of the tribe in their semi-annual visits, but at last they came no longer, the government

having transferred them to a reservation in Kansas. But a few years later, Noni, a young squaw of Poweshiek's tribe, visited us, reporting that both her husband, Quassy, and her babe, together with Poweshiek and many followers had died in Northern Missouri in an attempt to return to Iowa. She was broken hearted, and in her crude broken English described the suffering of her people through a long cold winter, and that Poweshiek through overwork in battling fever and sickness among his people, added to his advancing years and home-sickness, had contracted a fever and died, deploring to the last the wrongs of his people. My close association with the Indian and the knowledge of their many wrongs at the hands of the whites has often brought me sorrow. I well remember that on this occasion our household was distracted with sorrow and tears. But I, as well as Poweshiek, have long ago accepted as inevitable the fate of the Indian and I now look lovingly backward o'er the many happy days of childhood, when I played with the Fox papposes on the banks of the Cedar where the red of their skins was as good as the white in mine, and the braves of the Fox puffed the pipe of peace with my father in those days of long ago."

THE POWESHIEK BREWS.

"The close association with Poweshiek and his people brought to our household several remedies and brews which had been prescribed by Poweshiek to the members of his tribe for many years. As my mother tested their virtues from time to time she became greatly interested in them and carefully kept a full record of their composition, method of brewing and compounding, and together with many potent and kindly hints from Poweshiek concerning their application and benefits, she was enabled to preserve to posterity the fruits of Poweshiek's matchless knowledge of Indian medicines. As the result of this knowledge of the several remedies and brews which came from Poweshiek direct, together with what natural gifts nature has so kindly bestowed upon me, I have given almost my entire life to the curing and healing of afflicted humanity, and one of these Indian brews, by reason of its universal benefits, it has been my pleasure to make

constantly for nearly forty years, having cured in that time many cases of sickness which have baffled the skill of excellent physicians. I call this remedy Poweshiek's Indian Compound, being named after the good Poweshiek, the chief from whom it was obtained. and from various interviews with the people of his tribe and other authorities, I am satisfied that the remedy which passed to my keeping was made as I make it hundreds of years before the invasions of the white men into the upper Mississippi valley and I firmly believe in the light of all my experience with this wonderful brew, that Poweshiek's Indian Compound stands chief among medicines, as Poweshiek was chief among men."

POWESHIEK'S INDIAN COM- POUND.

Poweshiek's Indian Compound is brewed from pure barks, herbs and roots that operate in absolute harmony upon the entire human system. It is a well known fact that almost the entire battle for health is fought in the blood. Nature has so wonderfully constructed the human system that the life current, the blood, must be kept absolutely pure, and when once cleaned and purified, it in turn so nourishes all the functions of the body that they are kept in their normal and natural condition. This Compound acts first upon the kidneys and liver, opening up the drainage system of the body. Being introduced into the stomach directly after eating, its qualities mixing with the food are absorbed directly into the blood, purifying that precious life current, driving and forcing all disease and poison into the sewerage system of the body, and leaving the body perfectly free from all disease. With pure blood and the drainage system in active and normal condition, it is impossible to carry disease. Poweshiek's Indian Compound regulates the bowels, the kidneys, the liver, and destroys all disease in the blood, entering into the utmost recesses of the circulation, nourishing the nervous system and restoring and maintaining that most precious treasure of human life, good health. While its field of benefit is practically limitless in the human system, and it is undoubtedly the greatest restorative and tonic in the world, it is recommended

especially for stomach trouble, and all diseases of the digestive system, and is recommended specifically for the following ailments: Biliousness, Boils, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Constipation, Diabetes, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Indigestion, Influenza, La Grippe, Malaria, Neuralgia, Piles, Rheumatism, Scrofula and Sciatica. It annihilates headache, backache, chills and fever, restores the nervous system and corrects sexual debility.

**MADE ON
HONOR.**

One of the proudest claims of merit made for Poweshiek's Indian Compound is that it is absolutely made on honor. It is brewed in the same honest way that it has been made by the Indians for centuries, later by the noble red man, Poweshiek, and at present by Elizabeth Ashford, whose name has stood for all that is honest and respectable in the city of Clinton, for many years. In this age all articles of trade and commerce are closely scrutinized and it is with confidence and pleasure that we offer Poweshiek's Indian Compound, strictly upon its merits as the most meritorious brew in the world.

**THE POWE-
SHIEK COM-
PANY.**

Elizabeth Ashford, who has prepared and sold the Poweshiek brews for nearly forty years, has reached a period in life when she must cease the arduous labor of the laboratory, which with a constantly increasing trade has forced her to train other hands to do her bidding and prepare the compound under her immediate and constant supervision. In order to accomplish this successfully she has organized the Poweshiek Company, with headquarters at Clinton, Iowa, and with increased facilities and ample capital, it is her purpose to make known to all the world the superior merit and marvellous qualities of the Poweshiek brews.

**WOMEN'S DE-
PARTMENT.**

Elizabeth Ashford, who has healed and cured thousands of women during a period of nearly forty years, will actively conduct the women's department of the Poweshiek company. The remarkable intuitive gifts and qualities of this noble woman, entitled her to a world-wide prominence, and to all women, no matter what their condition or station in life, she offers free consultation and advice in strictest confidence. How little the married women know or realize the glories of good health. Weighed down as they are by countless cares of the household and the trials of married life, they frequently lapse into that helpless and hopeless apathy which means a life of pain and distress. But knowledge and a reasonable attention to their person will remove them permanently from that invalid condition, and it is within the reach of every woman to lift herself and enter into the glories of good health. Young women frequently through ignorance or carelessness allow themselves to lapse into distressing conditions of ill health, and Elizabeth Ashford considers it her special mission to correct and restore such cases to a natural and healthy basis. Man is a complicated creature, but woman is doubly so. Elizabeth Ashford's knowledge of her sex is the fruit of a lifetime combined with her wonderful intuitive gifts. The Poweshiek brews are a boon to women through all their trials from infancy to old age. Women who need the counsel of a true friend and a speedy restoration to health, need only to address Elizabeth Ashford, stating their symptoms and conditions, and they will receive by return mail the sage counsel of a born and natural healer of her sex. To those women who can call at her office in person, she extends exactly the same privileges as by mail, viz, consultation absolutely free. Women should address all communications to

ELIZABETH ASHFORD,

Lock Box 436.

Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa.

NOTICE.

This booklet is designed to give the reader a general idea of the origin, history and future of the Poweshiek Brews. It is not the intention of the Poweshiek Company to exhibit a profuse quantity of testimonials to the public, as in spite of all the gratitude and well meant offerings of our friends, a testimonial smacks decidedly, of a private issue between benefactor and patient. While we will be forced from time to time to publish some signed testimony as to the merit of our remedies, it is nevertheless our intention and will be our constant endeavor to make our exhibit in this matter, as limited at possible. Privacy is correct etiquette in all matters of medicines. We have on file in our office many honest and eloquent letters, as to the benefit sand merits of the Poweshiek Brews and we will exhibit them at all times to any party interested.

Very truly,

THE POWESHIEK CO.



Price \$1.00 per bottle; 6 bottles for \$5.00.

“There a magic drink they gave him,
Made of Mahama-wusk, the spearmint,
And Wabeno-wusk, the yarrow,
Roots of power and herbs of healing;
Like a man from dreams awakened,
He was healed of all his madness.
As the ice is swept from rivers,
Straightway from his heart departed
All his sorrow and affliction.”
—Song of Hiawatha—Longfellow.

FINIS.

AUG. 10 1901

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N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

